Prin. O my sweete beefe, I must still be good Angell to thee, the money is payd backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with vnwasht hands too.

Bar. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I find one that can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or thereabout; I am horribly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels: they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I praise them. *Prince. Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaster*,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Westmerland*.
Goe, *Peto*, to horse: for thou and I
Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue
Mony and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,
And either they or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. *Hostesse*, my breakefast, come,
Oh, I could wish this tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well sayd, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,
Should goe so generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongue of soothers, but a brauer place
In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe.
Nay taske me to my word, approue me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour,
No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Doe so, and 'tis well: what le
but thanke you.

Mess. These letters come from you

Hot. Letters from him? why come

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord, he

Hot. Zounds, how haz he leisure to
In such a iustling time? who leades h
Vnder whose gouernement come th

Mess. His letters beare his mind, no

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth hee kee

Mess. He did my Lord, foure dayes
And at the time of my departure he
Hee was much feard by his Phisicion

Wor. I would the state of time had
Ere he by sickneſſe had bin visited:
His health was neuer better worth t

Hot. Sicke now? droope now? this si
The very life-blood of our enterprize
'Tis catching hither, euen to our cam
He writes me here, that inward sickn
And that his friends by deputation,
Could not so soone be drawne, nor di
To lay so dangerous and deare a truſt
On any soule remou'd, but on his ow
Yet doth he giue vs boid aduertiseme
That with our small coniunction, we
To see how fortune is disposd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing
Because the King is certainely possest
Of all our purposes: what say you to

Wor. Your fathers sickneſſe is a main

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limme lo
And yet, in faith it is not his present wa
Seemes more then we shall finde it. W
To set the exact wealth of all our State
All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull
It were not good, for therein should w

H

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7